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A CARD TO THE LADIES. Dr. Duponce's Golden Rodical Pills, for Females.

50,000 Boxes Have Been Sold in Two Years. Ten thousand boxes sent by letter, both by myself and agents, to all parts of the world, in which answers have been returned, in which ladies say that the Pills have been known since the Science of Medicine dawned upon the world.

THE GROVESTEEN PIANO FORTÉ. Still retains its pre-eminence and great popularity, and after undergoing gradual improvements for a period of thirty years, is now pronounced by the musical world to be unsurpassed and even unequalled in richness, volume and purity of tone, durability and cheapness.

DR. TALBOTT'S PILLS. Composed of highly concentrated extracts from roots and herbs of the highest medicinal value, in combination with the most powerful purgatives, it is a remedy of the Digestive Organs. They remove all impurities of the Blood, and are unequalled in the cure of Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Dropsy, Scindula, Biliary Colic, Liver Complaint, Fever, Headache, Pains, Mercurial Diseases, Rheumatic Humors, &c.

THE BRIDAL CHAMBER, an Essay of warning and instruction for young men—published by the Howard Association, and sent free of charge, in sealed envelopes. Address, Dr. J. S. KILPATRICK, Haverhill, Mass.

The Castalian Fountain.

[From the Toledo Record.] KRIS KRINGLE. BY MRS. R. A. TIERSON. Earth in regal beauty shining, With its robes of green and gold, Gave her lovely brow adorning, Sparkle eyes night and morning, Tints of red and rare rose-shells, Jingle! jingle! Jingle! jingle! Ring the fairy, Christmas bells!

Oh, little eyes were waking, Crowned so brightly, Peep out in sweet confusion! On the Christmas tree are shining Gems and gold of rare design—Some for grace and some for duty! Wax-figures in illusion, Dressed so lightly, Peep out in sweet confusion!

Oh, kind one, do not pass the door Of the humble, suffering poor, Whom the world has so cruelly forsaken, In their slumber, too unbroken, Yes, the same God gives to all—Jingle! jingle! In the palace, cottage, hall!

Oh! the lovely Christmas morning! Like a bride in her adorning! Oh! the joyous Christmas greeting! And the happy Christmas meeting! With a sudden chorus swell! "Bless Kris Kringle! Bless Kris Kringle! Of his fairy Christmas bells!"

One year again we may be old—One year again we may be cold; Your pleasant gifts are not in vain; When kind Kris Kringle comes again, Weave for your Christmas bells! Jingle! jingle! Ring for your merry bells!

A CARD. EDITOR JOURNAL: In reply to many letters and inquiries from people who are in the country, the undersigned takes great pleasure in saying through the columns of your paper, that our renowned preparation known as COLE'S DYSPEPSIA CURE is a certain cure for Dyspepsia, in its worst stages.

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when his mother died; and he asked her to be his wife. So Mary Morton became Mary Leigh. Gossiping mortals said the school-teacher had done well, for Arthur Leigh was a fine man, full of energy, and would be rich, too, some day. Poor orphan Mary! She was grateful for his love, and she poured out for him all the love and affection of her heart. Here was no stinted gift, but an overflowing love, given through many lonely, weary years. The world said they were happy; and the bright tears glistened in Mary's eyes, as she often asked herself why she was not?

As years passed on, three little children were given to them. Two sturdy, rosy-cheeked boys, and a blue-eyed girl, that bore the name of Lily. But the sweet baby-girl was too fair a blossom for this cold world, and was soon transplanted to heaven.

Because we are not wealthy, and Mary's father felt that the little children should have as much for her loss, as for the knowledge that she was not worthy to train that silver babe for heaven.

Mrs. Leigh's thoughts had wandered back over these weary years, noting every heartache, every new trial. Her efforts for improvement, and her true heart, which thoughtfully loved and cared had not been appreciated; and, worse than all, her love seemed thrown away on her thoughtless husband, who should have shielded her from petty trials and vexations. "Yes," she said, "and I have tried all my life to make something out of nothing, and I have failed. These little cares and troubles may be trifles, but they are very hard to bear."

The worn pieces and little patterns were pushed aside hastily, and the weary head was bowed down, as the little children broke the stillness of the room. The clock on the mantel struck the hour of five, and she started up nervously. Hastily putting aside her work, she bathed her face and swollen eyes, then descended to the kitchen.

She knelt at the foot of the bed, and laid her hands on the head of the sleeping child. "Oh, my little one, how I love thee! How I love thee! How I love thee!" she murmured, and then she turned to the door, and looked out into the night.

Oh, kind one, do not pass the door Of the humble, suffering poor, Whom the world has so cruelly forsaken, In their slumber, too unbroken, Yes, the same God gives to all—Jingle! jingle! In the palace, cottage, hall!

significant, how thrilling seemed petty disappointments and annoyances of the past day. The memory of those could no longer vex her. "In all thy ways acknowledge Him," The words came to her with new meaning. Should she then ask help to bear these little trials, these minor ills of life? Hitherto she had only gone to the Saviour with what she called great burdens. Would he help her to bear trifles, too, from a dozen ropes, grasped by as many persons elected from among the bystanders. The navigator of the heavens had not yet made his appearance, and the audience were growing impatient, as manifested by their shouts and curses. He was probably playing freeze-out jester with some flash minister, in some adjoining tavern, a la Artemus Ward, and could not be choked off. In a few minutes more the "machine" would have been torn into shreds, when a great wind arising, the balloon was suddenly wrenched from the hands that held it, and rushed like a rocket straight towards the clouds. Did we say wrenched from all? No, not from all! A cry of horror rose from the lately turbulent crowd; for there, clinging to a slight wooden cross-piece attached to one of the cords, was a small dark object, which every one pronounced to be a human being. A lad who had been selling papers among the crowd, was one of those who had volunteered to hold the guys, and not being sufficiently alert, had been carried off with the balloon. The spectators were galled, and every observer momentarily expected to see him drop. But the young adventurer had no such idea, and those who had glanced at him as he clambered up the cord and sent himself astride the cross-piece. The balloon ascended upward in the glowing rays of the sun; it seemed like a speck, then vanished altogether.

It would have been difficult just then to have insured the life of that boy at any premium. As for the involuntary aeronaut, what must have been his feelings as he found himself thus severed from the firm earth to which he had been accustomed. At first his little heart was in his throat, and he seemed to have suddenly fallen from some vast height into an abyss of fathomless air. The world vanished instantaneously from sight. The boy, however, was not so much alarmed as he seemed. He was a manner that it was impossible to let go at once. Yet, knowing the fate that awaited him, should he fall, he had, by the exertion of an amount of strength wonderful in one so young, contrived to assume the position of comparative safety already noted. There he saw the wind-driven clouds of different strata rush past him with frightful velocity, and, looking down, could dimly discern the landscape, and the ocean with its ships, spread out as on a map. During the afternoon the people of Benicia were watching the air, and the boy, who was the laughing heart that from that awful eminence awaited in cold and anxiety the coming night. The blood began to congeal in the veins of the little traveler; the act of breathing grew difficult; his muscles increased to such a degree that he began to feel the weight of his own body, and he was seized on the fingers that grasped the cord. A few minutes more must inevitably terminate the terrible ride through space.

All at once the rope attached to the valve was thrown against the air. He clutched it in his desperate grasp, as an additional holdfast. The valve opened, the gas rapidly escaped; the balloon was once more bearing the earth! It rushed into the leafy embrace of a grove of trees, and after a violent struggle, he was thrown to the ground, but none the worse for his journey, except a few scratches.

We have heard of persons whose hair from terror turned grey in a single night. The hair of this boy, however, was as bright red, but it was red before he went up, we do not know that this was anything remarkable. We meet him like a boy, then, the man now—daily; he looks like another mortal, and seems to have forgotten all the circumstances to which he was indebted for his elevation.

A Model Grammar Class. "Bill, did you ever study grammar?" "I did, sir." "Well, what case is Mr. A—?" "He is an objective case." "How so, Bill?" "Because he objects to paying his subscription for the school paper." "Right, what a noun!" "Don't know; but I know what a noun is."

"Well, what is it?" "Running off without paying the printer, and getting on the black list as a delinquent." "Good! What a conjunction?" "A method of collecting outstanding subscriptions in conjunction with the constable. Never employed by printers till the last century."

"That's right; go to your seat, and quit shooting paper water at the girls." The English papers are beginning to praise President Johnson and his policy. The London Times thinks that his Confidence in the South and the bold liberality of his policy, are not likely to be in vain. The News characterizes his Administration as sagacious, bold, and energetic. The Telegraph says it affords both a crushing rebuke to the believers in an ostentatious diplomacy, and a splendid encouragement to those who believe in the capacity of a free people to select fit rulers, when one sees that this self-taught ruler of Tennessee, by virtue of his direct sincerity of purpose and his homely mother wit, bids fair to succeed in a task which might have sorely tried the statescraft of a Richelieu. The New York Herald says that the President has agreeably disappointed at least one-half of the world by a wise and statesmanlike policy, that will give him a high place in the pantheon of American worthies.

POPULATION IN RUSSIA.—The total population of Russia, amounting in 1856 to about 77,000,000, is said to be the Russian Journal, from which we extract those statistics, at 80,000,000. The Caucasus, however, since the defeat of Schamyl, being placed by the Russian authorities in the alternative of either abjuring Mohammedanism or leaving the country, are calculating no more to Turkey, where no fewer than 200,000 have already arrived. A number of Armenians have settled in the Caucasus, great numbers being held out to them to supply the want of laborers caused by the Caucasian exodus.

Business is Cautious Weather.—"Billy" said a prevalent rumor of food for rhyons, as with cheerful vigor he sat down to his manual repast, "Is it cold?" "Very cold, father," was the reply. "Is the weather good, Billy?" rejoined the parent. "Very bad, father," was the reply. "Is the weather good, Billy?" rejoined the parent. "Very bad, father," was the reply. "Is the weather good, Billy?" rejoined the parent. "Very bad, father," was the reply.

REVEREND MRS. MARGARET—A poor old man to jail because he has no visible means of support.

WHEN may a man be said to swallow cause and effect? When he drinks gin and blisters.

Gnostics make us all beggars, for, by their theory, we are only living upon the crust of the earth.

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